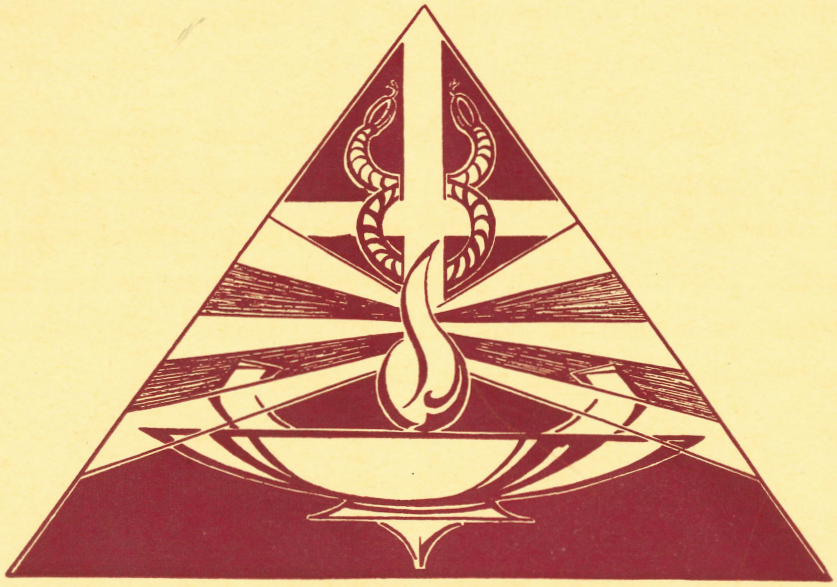
THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY



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THE
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WASHINGTON, D. C.

SISTER M. TIMOTHY, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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ACROSS THE PAGES. . . .

"O.S.F.S." is just the short way of saying "Oblates of St. Francis de Sales." That is why we asked Father Fox, Editor of *The Catholic Life*, if he would not sum up for our readers some of the reasons for the choice of St. Francis as the Patron of Catholic Writers.

FATHER CULEMANS, a veteran parish priest of the middlewest, is keen on missions—especially *Medical Missions.* He gives us a pocket-sized edition of an old story that is as beautiful as it is simple.

DOCTOR HATTEMER, a German woman doctor, was the companion of Dr. Dengel on her trip around the world some years ago. "What the Japanese Nurse is learning" intrigued her—she never forgot it!

DOCTOR WIJNEN, still busy in her second year of interneship at Philadelphia General Hospital, finds time for a brief paper on the problems of artificial infant feeding in the Orient, and the development of one possible answer.

SISTER ALMA JULIA goes to work, not with five cents (or ten cents or a street-car token), but with "five senses"—and all of them keenly tuned to the sights, sounds and smells of a Pindi morning!

Mother of Hope

Have you ever been to Lourdes? If you have, you must agree that it is an experience different from any other. It is difficult to express in words the impressions that beat upon you like waves, with such force as to silence all else for the time being. The moment you step onto the crowded platform of Lourdes station, you are impelled by the one urge to go to the shrine "in haste!" Of course, there is the inevitable depositing of baggage in a hotel, pension or hostel of some kind, but after that—to the Grotto!

It is a picturesque walk. The Pyrenees seem to shelter you, the rushing waters of the Gave greet you, the vanilla-stick vendor on the bridge holds out his scented bundle to tempt your purse *via* the olfactory organ; an old lady wrapped in a shawl offers the pious pilgrim candles for sale—but you pass on swiftly to reach the Grotto. Very soon you reach it and kneel at one of the benches and look up at the familiar statue which stands in the selfsame niche where Our Lady stood and smiled and spoke. This is the fact that gets hold of your mind. It livens your faith—and it is from this animated faith that there springs the keynote of Lourdes: HOPE!

Yes, Lourdes is a "haven of hope." A million pilgrims from north, south, east, and west of Europe and more distant continents, wend their ways annually to Lourdes. Some prefer to come alone. The majority, however, arrive in pilgrimage bodies. All come buoyed up with hope of some kind—as many kinds as there are pilgrims!

In addition to the ordinary pilgrims, there is the army of invalids that streams out of the white train, with bodily infirmities of many varieties, with mental faculties exhausted from long suffering and pain, yet with hope glimmering in their eyes. The moment of supreme hope comes when the Blessed Sacrament is raised in Benediction over each and every one individually.

At the Grotto, the priest-leaders of the pilgrimages, their arms outstretched, pray with an intensity which grips the heart and converts hope into expectation of a miracle. You are all prepared for it! You know that many miracles have happened—the blind have seen, the lame have jumped up and walked, those doomed to an early death have been granted a new lease of life. The intangible but none-the-less real miracles of the spiritual order must be incomparably more numerous, otherwise Lourdes would not draw greater and greater crowds each year.

What is more: Lourdes has conquered the Christian world. No matter to what country you may go, wherever there is a Catholic center of any size, you will find a Grotto of Lourdes. It may be an ugly one—often it is!—but faith looks beyond form. What matters to the Catholic eye is "the Mother of Hope." She is needed everywhere.

And not only has Our Lady of Lourdes given herself to Catholics under every clime. Four years ago on February 11, her Feast, she cast new rays of hope into fatalistic non-Christendom also. On that day, the late Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, issued through the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, an *Instruction,* urging the foundation of new religious communities which would devote themselves to health work in the missions, to the safeguarding of the lives of mother and child, to preventing, alleviating and curing all manner of disease. On the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes came the startling privilege that virgins consecrated to Christ could and *should* help women in all their medical needs! This coincidence of the issuance of the *Instruction* with the anniversary of Our Lady's first apparition in the Grotto—may one not interpret it as a new manifestation of the motherly solicitude of Our Lady of Lourdes, who wants to give Faith, Hope and Love to all without distinction of race or creed?

In the shoreless, storm-harrowed ocean of the press of the world and its various philosophies of life, the Catholic Press should stand as a seer and prophet.—His Holiness Pope Pius XII.

St. Francis de Sales

By

THE REV. FRANCIS E. FOX, O.S.F.S.

"Since, up to this time, St. Francis de Sales has not been named the *Patron of Writers* in any solemn and public document of this Apostolic See, We take this happy occasion, after mature deliberation and in full knowledge, by Our Apostolic authority, to hereby publish, confirm, and declare by this encyclical, everything to the contrary notwithstanding, St. Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva and Doctor of the Church, to be the *Heavenly Patron of all Writers.*"

Pius XI, Rerum Omnium, 1922.

Do you know why St. Francis de Sales was declared the Patron of the Press? There is a story behind it.

It begins in the province of Chablais, along the southern shores of the Lake of Geneva, about 1594. It was a troubled country, whose inhabitants had been obliged to change their allegiance repeatedly as the tide of victory turned first to one, and then to the other in the conflict of Protestant and Catholic princes. Since 1591 Chablais had been under the rule of Protestant Geneva, and the inhabitants, drawn by the persuasive promises of the minister and impelled by the constant persecution of Catholics, had lapsed into heresy. After the conversion of Henry IV to Catholicism the Genevans proposed a treaty, offering to divide the disputed territory. In virtue of this they ceded to the Duke of Savoy two provinces including that of Chablais. Completely Protestant and still under the influence of the local rulers and ministers, they offered a serious problem to the Catholic Duke, Charles Emmanuel, who asked the Bishop of Geneva to send eloquent preachers to these 80,000 souls.

On August 8, 1594, Francis de Sales, then head of the Cathedral Chapter, although ordained only eight months, volunteered to undertake this task accompanied only by his cousin, Louis de Sales. Two priests among 80,000 hostile souls!—and after the following January, when Louis was obliged to return home, Francis was left alone!

His first efforts met with such opposition that despite the persuasive eloquence of his preaching and his ardent zeal, he could not even secure an audience. Francis knew that many factors contributed to this state of affairs, and that the most determined efforts were being made to prevent the people from being present in person to hear him. Several attempts were even made upon his life. But he was undaunted and felt that if he could but secure an audience all would be well—that truth must be victorious, but that it must be made known.

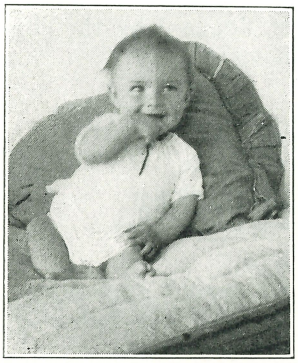
And so he set to work, writing out his sermons and pleading for a chance to set before them in open discussion the truths of the faith, challenging his opponents to come forth to battle, with the people themselves present to judge the issue. These leaflets he copied over and over again by hand and circulated among the people, entrusting them to a few well-disposed souls for further distribution among their friends, and posting them in public places.

How well he succeeded in this can be judged from the result of his work in Chablais. In one of his letters he writes, . . . "I have now been

(*Continued on page* 30)

There is really great need of education in journalism among the young Catholics. There is need in our circle of great solicitude for our journals, solicitude in reading them, solicitude in supporting them, solicitude in financing them.—Pius XI.

What Do Baby Boys Live On?



By

ELIZABETH WIJNEN, S.C.M.M., M.D.

A solution to the problem of the artificial feeding of infants in oriental countries, worked out by two Chinese doctors in Peking.

What do baby girls live on? But that seems a weak parody—and a silly question! Even a four-year-old knows that it is "milk which makes him grow"—though he may not know the secrets of the formulas by which that milk was prepared for him in the past. Baby feeding in this country has become both a science and a fine art. The diet is calculated and supervised by a doctor, and carefully weighed, measured and compounded by the mother. There is a choice of a dozen formulas for the difficult baby. Vegetables, fruits and cereals are added at an early date, and in a never-before-heard-of abundance. And so, with the death rate among infants of less than one year reduced from 100 per 1,000 to 54 per 1,000, it would seem that what the little girls and boys live on must be very good indeed!

But what about the baby in those countries where pasteurization is impossible, where clean cow's milk is at a premium, and even a watery milk dilution is seldom within the reach of the poor, especially in the common instance when, because of malnourishment and anemia, the mother's milk is entirely inadequate? The babies are often small and puny from the start and succumb easily to infection. Even in a hospital it is often a weary struggle to find a satisfactory formula for a baby, handicapped as the doctors and nurses are by the lack of safe, clean milk and the high price of dried preparations.

In this respect it is interesting to note an experiment made by two young Chinese doctors at a baby clinic in Peking. They decided that it was better to search for a native substitute for milk rather than to import a preserved product, and they found it in the "soya-bean," a Chinese legume, quite common and cheap, sold in the streets of Peking, and used as a vegetable or ground and steeped in water, like tea—*tou fu chiang.*

The idea of using soya bean meal as a food for infants was not original with these two workers. Already in the United States it had been used for babies who could not tolerate milk, and had been accepted among doctors as a satisfactory substitute, although because it was not plentiful, it proved rather expensive.

Chemical studies revealed that soya bean meal was a good source of protein, iron and vitamin B, but that it needed the addition of sugar, table salt and calcium to make a complete meal for babies. This mixture was prepared in the clinic kitchen, at first with the rather primitive means of a wood stove, an old iron pot and a native servant to stir the concoction while it was cooking. The next step was to bottle it and hand it out to the mothers who could not nurse their babies. Very young infants, two or three weeks old, were started on one ounce of the mixture diluted with one ounce of water, five times a day. Cod liver oil was added to insure enough vitamin D and fat. Fifteen infants were reared on this formula, the amounts being gradually increased, and all did remarkably well. They grew, sat up, cut their teeth, walked and talked at the usual age, and seemed normally vigorous. No gross vitamin deficiencies developed. The mothers were delighted with this result and really tried to cooperate.

In the next year, a new process was developed: the beans were roasted before being ground. This improved the protein, made the contents more stable and facilitated the preparation. Sugar, salt and calcium still had to be added in the correct proportions. Without counting labor and fuel, it cost about 2½ cents per pound. Fifty infants were kept on this formula for about a year with the same satisfactory outcome.

There is no reason why this good result could not be duplicated by any clinic or hospital

The secular press of the world is one of the gretest makers of history and exerts an influence for good or evil that is incalculable . . . hence the need of a Catholic press to defend Catholic truth and spread the Faith.—Cardinal Dougherty.

anywhere in the tropics. Soya beans are cheap throughout the Orient. It takes a little initiative, some ingenuity, and a lot of hard work to start an experiment like the one just related, but the results are highly gratifying. Each clinic and hospital could and should be a center of modern teaching in regard to infant feeding, with a wide range of influence. Fortunately, many municipal governments are waking up to the facts of the unnecessarily high infant mortality, and child welfare clinics, financed by the cities, are becoming more common.

Samaritan Vignette

By

THE REV. J. B. CULEMANS

A strangely disturbing story, that of the despised Samaritan with a heart of gold, physician and financier to the man in distress. Just why did the Lord pick him, and weave around him that immortal parable?

The hero of the tale has no name. He is a class, a caste, tolerated among the true-blue Jews, who pull their mantle tight for fear it might touch the untouchable, and contaminate the wearer. The Jew had the Law and the Prophets, the fulness of God's word. The Samaritan had only the Law. The Jew saw himself as a favored child of God. The Samaritan as truly an "out-cast." He lived within his clan, satisfied to know he could not expect help from any other quarter.

Along the road a Jewish traveler to Jericho was felled and wounded by robbers, his scanty possessions snatched from him. The high-cast Jewish priest rode by in comfort. A quick disdainful glance, and on he passed. Shortly a levite followed his superior, and followed his example. The hapless victim lay, hopelessly neglected, by those whose sympathy should have been enlisted by their office, and by the ties of race and blood as well.

Came the outcast, hurrying along the highway on business bent. At a glance he took in the tragedy and the suffering. The man was in need and in danger. What matter if he is a hated stranger. He is a fellow human, a child of the common Father of all. It will mean delay and discomfort to stop and to succor him. Again, what matter.

In another moment he is at his side busily washing the wounds, bandaging them, pouring the soothing oil and wine therein. Then he boosts the man tenderly on his own beast of burden, and takes him to a lodging, pays the bills, leaves final directions about his care, and gives his pledge to attend to whatever further expenses might be incurred. Then and there the outcast becomes the world's hero.

Go and do thou likewise, concluded Christ, addressing the Jew who had unwittingly prompted this ageless tale of charity well done.

Some time later Christ returned to the subject in more direct fashion. Now all accounts are being cast up with unerring eye. The judge is addressing large numbers on his right, those who have freely chosen to translate for themselves the sublime tale of the Jericho wayfarer into a daily reality: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom. . . . For I was hungry and you gave me food . . . sick and you visited me . . . Lord, when did we see Thee sick and come to Thee. . . ." And the King will answer: "Indeed I tell you, as long as you did so to one of the least of these my brethren, you did so unto me."

Neither the parable's, nor the Judgment day's invitation was meant for men alone. The full implication of the Master's teaching led women to take up the care of the sick, and the larger art of healing, as it became obvious that they too could lead the poor and the outcast of tradition-bound pagans to the Master's feet.

The Samaritan impulse, thus awakened and given a new direction, opens up a large field to generous workers, willing to give . . . themselves, first and fully. Like all high enterprise, its fascination is contagious. It will take root in many a generous heart.

The long and strenuous preparation required for the Catholic medical apostolate is a challenge, ensuring that only the most generous, will leave all things, to heed joyfully the command: go and do thou likewise. Heal the sick body. And win the sick soul.

Destroy the Catholic press of this country, and the Church and its work will lose fifty per cent of its effectiveness.—Archbishop Michael J. Curley.

Toes In—Head Bent!

By
MARGARET HATTEMER, M.D.

Training is training—and nurses the world over are engaged in caring for the sick. But the methods of training, the techniques employed, the points emphasized differ even from hospital to hospital, let alone country to country. For instance, in the Red Cross Hospital in Tokio, Japan, there is a class on "Hospital Etiquette."

There is a saying that "Boys will be boys"—and so, in the same way, "Doctors will be doctors"—even on vacation! I was off on a year's cruise around the world, and enjoying the pleasant relaxation to the utmost—and yet, in every port, my feet turned instinctively toward the hospitals, if any. After all, as a shrewd old French priest once remarked, work is largely the way one looks at things; and if one can develop the proper mental attitude, he can be playing all the time!

And so it happened that I found myself one fine afternoon in the Red Cross Hospital of Tokio, Japan.

I had come for a tour of inspection, but Japanese courtesy made necessary a preliminary step that was both welcome and pleasant: I was received with a cup of tea! After that, under the wing of a very gracious guide, I began my tour of the institution.

The main purpose of the Red Cross Hospital is to train good nurses, both men and women. Accordingly, there is a school of nursing connected with it. The pupils have an opportunity of acquiring practical knowledge each day of the year at a different bed, for these beds number just three hundred sixty-five! Well equipped classrooms serve for theoretical instructions—there is a separate one reserved exclusively for the teaching of ethics. On the blackboard, in bold letters, were written the "Ten Commandments for Nurses," admonishing the students to diligent work, obedience, submission, the regulation of their time, and such similar things.

It was my good fortune to be invited to attend the class in "etiquette." On three sides of the room the pupils were sitting on the floor in the characteristic Japanese way—the floors of this room, as well as those of the whole house, were of course covered with mats.

While I was present, the teacher instructed the students in the correct way of sitting on the floor: The abdomen must not fall forward, neither must the back be absolutely straight, and as a sign of submission, the head must be bent a little and the hands stretched out and rested on the knees as long as they were not in use for work!

Next, the teacher demonstrated how a well-trained nurse moves about: She must keep the knees bent while walking, and set the feet so that the toes point slightly inward! The method for carrying a tray was shown. It must be borne on the arms, which may not be pressed against the body.

This minute regulation of physical details interested me for two reasons: First, it proved that the Japanese are still educated in the strict rules of olden times, although they try to imitate the professional work of the white race; and secondly, their knowledge of the benefits to be derived from good body posture was truly impressive.

Later, when I was once more out in the hall, I noticed one of the students who was approaching me greet me while she was still far away with a deep Japanese bow, which was repeated when she came closer.

These frequent bows could have a good effect on the muscles of the back, if one would pay more attention to the antagonistic muscles of the thighs. But the bow is only a bending forward, and the back is never fully extended.

Toes in—head bent! It would look queer among our hospitals of the Occident, yet in Japan it had a certain flavor of charm.

A JAPANESE NURSE'S DECALOGUE

I. Be kind.
II. Be faithful.
III. Be persevering.
IV. Have self-control.
V. Be modest.
VI. Obey rules.
VII. Be brave.
VIII. Be alert.
IX. Do not be extravagant.
X. Be gentle, courteous and well-behaved.

The Catholic Press has become . . . and today more so than ever . . . a vital department of the Catholic Church.—*Msgr. Wynhoven in "Swim—or Sink."*

To Work We Go!

By
SISTER ALMA JULIA, S.C.M.M., Ph.G., M.T.

People go to work in India just as regularly and as inevitably as they do in the United States—but the method is somewhat different!

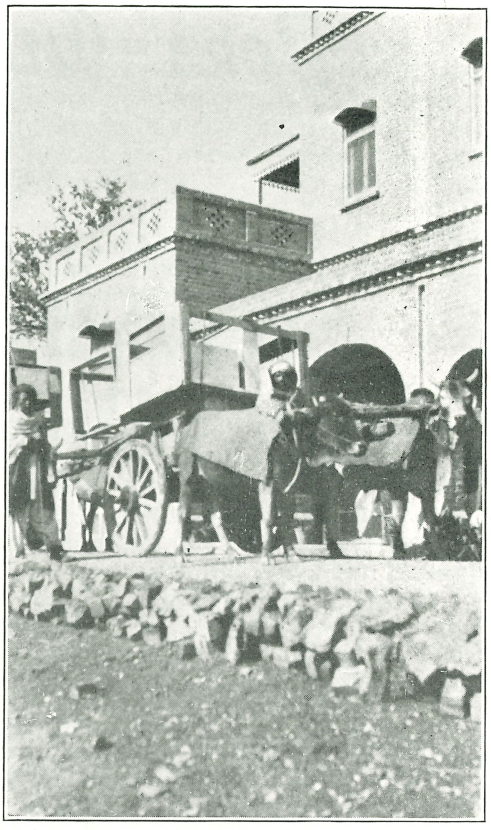
To work we go! And now, quickly, before you think about it—what picture has come to your mind? Or isn't it rather a panorama? And couldn't it be described something like this?

Mary Smith, due at the office at 8:30, dashes out of the house at 7:48½ to catch the 8 o'clock "Express." She tap, tap, taps her way down the sidewalk in haste with her eyes wide open—to see the trucks or cars that might knock her down in her scamper across the street! Up the stairs, a dime thrust through a barred window—and she is out on the platform. She glances down the tracks—if only she hasn't missed the "Express"! The local that follows makes four extra stops. Of course it will still get her to work on time, but it takes seven minutes longer! Seven whole minutes wasted! Ah! It is the "Express!" She gains a position on the crest of the wave of Mary Smiths and John Smiths, who are likewise bound for their respective offices, and flows into the car. "Morning papers are all around her," yet so tightly is she wedged in the tide, that "no news can she see." With great effort she cranes her neck to catch a glimpse out the window of—the station at which they are stopping. The next is hers, and with only ten blocks to go, she begins her struggle doorward——

But Mary Smith lives in New York!—or perhaps it is in Chicago. Going to work in India is quite different.

It is just after breakfast—a few minutes past 7 a. m. One must begin early in India—at midday, the sun is too hot for much activity. A native Sister and I leave the hospital and hail a tonga. We are bound for St. Francis Dispensary, where we will be kept busy until 10 or 11 o'clock. The trip takes from ten to twenty minutes—depending upon the horse! This morning's horse looks like about a fifteen minutes' variety—perhaps even twenty. I am glad, because there is always so much to see.

Just at this time the buffaloes are being driven out to pasture. Herds of them are always getting in our way—or we are getting in their way—and our progress is somewhat retarded. There is much shouting. The buffaloes are bigger than cows and very awkward—they are likewise harmless. Concerning them the Mohammedans have a story, which goes like this:



The drayman starts work early at Holy Family Hospital!

After God had created all the animals in the Garden of Eden, He created Adam. Then He gave all the animals to Adam to name. Now, Adam was a little contrary—even then, and he said to God: "I'd like to make an animal myself." So God replied: "All right, go ahead. I'll give you the power." Then Adam did his best—but the animal he made was the buffalo, and that is why it is so ugly! Incidentally, one Indian was very amused to hear from me that we had a city in the United States named "Buffalo." I forgot to tell him that we didn't raise buffaloes there!

Besides the buffaloes, there are some cows and a few small herds of goats, bound for the pasture or elsewhere—it seems all the animals in the city are on the move at 7 a. m. The same scene is repeated late in the afternoon, when they are homeward bound once more.

Without a proper circulation, no Catholic paper has a good reason to exist. Without a good circulation, no Catholic paper has a way of improving itself. Circulation is what is primarily and imperatively needed.—Msgr. Wynhoven, *Swim—or Sink.*

Now I catch sight of a goatherder shepherding his little flock. Most of the people drink buffalo milk, but some drink cow's milk, and some goat's milk. In the last case, the goatherder goes from house to house—he has his regular customers, I suppose—driving his little herd before him, and milks the goat at each doorstep to fill the order. At least, in that way they get fresh milk! I remember a picture in our Fifth Grade Geography book of the same thing being done—in Switzerland, I believe.

Now we are passing a caravan of camels—we meet them almost every morning. They are laden with firewood from the distant mountain forests, or with huge piles of straw or hay from the villages. There are a few baby camels trotting after their mothers, gangly creatures, all legs—even more so than their parents! A number of men on bicycles pass us. They are on their way to work at the military station or in the business sections of the city. Some little donkeys go by, laden with bricks. Sister and I share our wonder that they can carry so heavy a load. A little donkey can bear as much as a grown camel, but he doesn't have the endurance for long distances, nor can he do without food and drink, as can his humped fellow-worker.

We pass an occasional motor car—there is even a bus, filled with soldiers coming from Murree. As Rawalpindi is the winter headquarters of the Northern Army, and Murree is the summer headquarters, there is naturally a great deal of traffic between the two places. The army has large caravans of camels of its own to carry supplies back and forth, but gradually, as more roads are being built and the old ones

School children

improved, trucks are taking the place of camels.

At this hour the streets are dotted with street-cleaners—women and even little girls of ten and twelve years of age, cleaning out the ditches and sweeping the streets, gathering up the manure with their bare hands and piling it in large, flat baskets. When these latter are filled, they are carried home. Then the manure is molded into flat cakes about ten inches across and plastered against the walls of the houses or the sides of

At the hydrant

trees or on the level roofs to dry in the hot sun. Once dry and crisp, they are taken out and sold for fuel. Among the natives, cow dung is used more as fuel for heating and cooking than either coal or wood because it is cheaper. And it is one way for these "sweepers"—the lowest and poorest of the Indians—to make a living!

We turn off from Murree Road into a smaller street, then into a still smaller street. We are nearing the Dispensary. All the tiny stores are being opened now, and the people are flocking in for a cup of tea, for native bread, for flour, grain, fruit, vegetables—*everything!* We pass a temple. Beggars are sitting at the gates, holding out their begging bowls. Begging is a profession in India. You might ask a woman what her husband does for a living. "He is a beggar," she may answer, just as you might say, "He is a carpenter."

We pass a school, too. The children are al-

(*Continued on page* 30)

The power and influence of the Catholic press are so great that even seemingly insignificant activity in its favor is of great importance. . . . Anything you do for the Catholic press I will consider done for me personally.—Pius XI.

ready at work, sitting on the floor in rows, boards on their knees, writing their alphabets or doing sums. They all seem so well-behaved. One day when passing a certain Government school, I heard the children singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and I was so taken back that I almost got homesick! Then I listened more closely and found out they were singing "God Save the King" which was natural enough as they were British subjects. The melody is the same—I believe we borrowed it from the English.

There at the roadside we see a wandering singer, with a musical instrument—a sort of guitar. There are a good number of these "minstrels" about, some with instruments, some without. Some of them have really fine voices. They stand at the doorstep of a better class home and sing and play until someone gives them money—either to sing more, or to go away!

This is a busy street corner we are passing now—it harbors a public hydrant, where people can fill their jugs and water jars and pails. Sometimes there is quite a line-up of people taking their turns. During this hot weather one often sees crowds of little children gathered around, pouring water over each other, and having a glorious time. They don't have to worry about their clothes; they just don't wear any! There are men here, too, who carry water for a living. They fill immense, barrel-sized skins with water and carry them on their backs from house to house, where they fill water jars and pails for people who can afford to pay for the service instead of going to the hydrant themselves!

But now our trip is over. And you can see that the ride from Holy Family Hospital to St. Francis Dispensary just can't be tiresome—there are too many things to see. In India, it is *fun* to go to work!

St. Francis de Sales— (*Continued from page* 24)

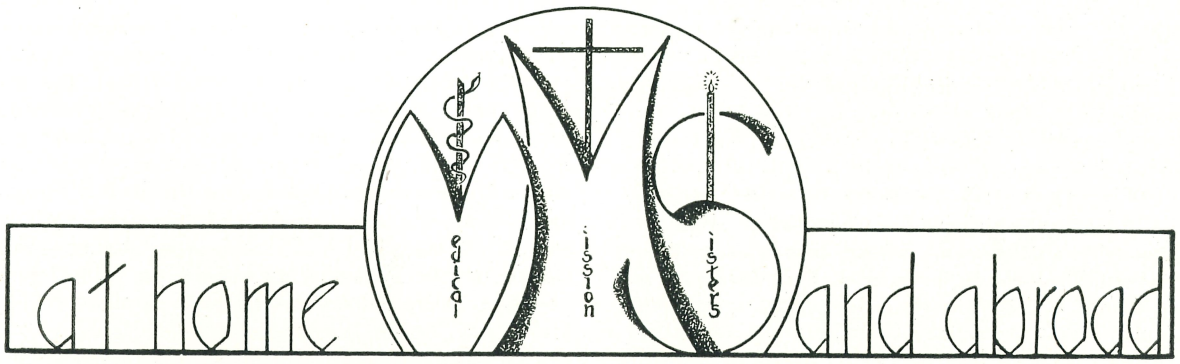
in this country for seven months, and although I have preached in this town every feast-day and very often during the week, I have never been listened to by more than three or four Hugenots and they have come only four or five times." But eventually he had the consolation of seeing the people of the Chablais returning in thousands to the Catholic faith, so that in 1598 it could be reported to the Duke that: "Except for a small number who remained attached to heresy rather from pride and obstinacy than from conviction, the whole country is converted or is on the verge of conversion!"

The power of the pen is as great today as it was in the times of St. Francis de Sales, and good Catholic literature is one of the most urgent needs of our modern world. It must gain a hearing for the truths of the Church. It must break down prejudices and preconceived objections that have no foundation in reality. And above all it must do this in a way that will reach the people, will interest them, and because of that very interest, compel them to read. It must, in a word, be written *for the people,* and the Catholic writer must utilize every resource of nature and grace to get his message across. Francis de Sales realized this and gave a zealous attention to the style and composition of his works, convinced that those things pleasing to the taste of the reader are more eagerly read and have more chance of reaching the heart. The leaflets mentioned before were intended for Savoyards and he did not hesitate to write to them: "and possibly you will find it more to your taste . . . for it is purely Savoyard in its atmosphere, and amongst the most profitable prescriptions and most recent remedies is the recommendation to return to one's native air. If this be of no profit to you we will show you others purer and more subtle."

In all his works the words themselves were means to an end, and he chose the best that he could command. But the message, and the souls to whom it was addressed were always before his mind. That was the important thing; and if to strip his style of all ornate dress would aid in getting his message across, well, ornate style must go, to be replaced by simplicity. But it must not be a simplicity that repels, for interest and beauty must captivate and lead to the end. There was never any doubt in the mind of the readers that it was the conversion, not the confusion of the heretics that he sought.

Now do you have any idea of why St. Francis de Sales was made Patron of all Writers (and economists and philosophers and theologians as well as journalists are writers!)? Of course there are many other reasons—this is at best only one ray of light that is reflected from the life and style of this Doctor of the Church.

The Catholic Church is the only organization all set to fight for the peace and happiness of man; but the Church will be practically impotent in the struggle unless she uses the same weapon so successfully employed by the enemy—the printed word.—Msgr. Wynhoven, *Swim—or Sink.*



Medical Mission House
Box 5021
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

America

Medical Mission House
Box 4405
Brookland, D. C.

Company!

It was just before Christmas, and all in the house—were as busy as the proverbial bees when *company came!* But it was welcome company indeed—straight from India, and that on the Feast of St. Thomas, the Apostle of India! The guests were His Grace, Dr. Louis Mathias, S.C., Archbishop of Madras, and his Vicar General, Msgr. Thomas, a native of India. Everyone assembled, posthaste. His Grace looked over the group, and smiled. "You see," he said, "I had to come and pay you a visit. There were two reasons. First, our growing interest in your work, because we realize the ever increasing need of it; and second, because before coming to the United States I met Dr. Dengel's brother who is a Mill Hill missionary in Nellore, and I couldn't go back to India and tell Father Dengel that we had not visited the Medical Mission House!"

Quizzing and Questing

There was a twinkle in the eye of His Grace as he informed the group of a few fundamental facts which had probably been called into question during his travels. "Madras," he solemnly affirmed, "is in India; it is not Madrid, Spain." And then there was the story of a zealous young lady mission doctor, who was called upon to attend a sick baby. Experience told her that the child's condition warranted baptism—but there were more calls to make. Life was very busy and she must hurry on—quickly she took water and christened the child with her own name, Anna. "Anna" died, but when the report was taken to the parish priest to be duly registered, a difficulty arose! Anna was a boy! The priest, however, rose to the occasion. With a quick flourish he added "nias" to the title, and "Ananias was his name!" The zealous young doctor? It was none other than Doctor Dengel herself, who had been visiting Assam and had never heard the sequel!

Then His Grace invited questions, and the first came without delay: "What qualifications does Your Grace consider most necessary for missionaries?"

The Power of an Idea

"A deep spiritual life and a spirit of sacrifice," was the response. "Without these two things a missionary cannot hope to carry on God's work." As a means of developing this necessary spiritual life, His Grace suggested the adoption of a motto to be the guiding note of one's life. If it is repeated again and again, if it is pondered upon frequently, it will in time impel and guide one to the attainment of one's ideals. Two examples in the lives of great men were quoted to show the strength and power of an idea oft-repeated.

"We must destroy Carthage," said the Roman Emperor, Cato. He said this many times before the Senate. One day the Senators arose in a body and cried: "We must destroy Carthage!" And Carthage was destroyed!

Again, in the life of St. Louis we read that his mother frequently said, "My son, I would rather see you dead than to have you commit one mortal sin." As the boy grew, he reflected on this, was led to shun sin, and became at last a great Saint.

Dare and Hope!

"Your Grace, what is your motto?"

The answer flashed back: "Dare—and hope!"

The good Catholic press is supposed to be God's work in a diocese, and it should be thought of as such and treated accordingly. . . . If it is the work of the Church, then it deserves the unqualified support and the solid backing of everyone.—Msgr. Wynhoven, *Swim—or Sink*.

There was a story behind the selection of this phrase. After the Archbishop, then a priest, had been appointed Bishop, he prayed for inspiration to find a maxim that would guide him in this high office. He prayed at the tomb of St. Peter—nothing came. He prayed to Don Bosco—nothing came. Then, while he was attending a play about the life of their founder, given by the Salesian seminarians the words came. It was during the scene where Don Bosco is lost. An angel comes to help him, and says: "Dare and hope!" "Like a flash of lightning it struck me: 'There is your motto!' That is how I adopted it."

Children from a town near Madras, India

The Power of Prayer

Another point stressed by the Archbishop was the power of prayer. "If every Catholic, during each year, would pray daily for the conversion of one pagan, it would be but a short time before the entire world would become Catholic—and that with comparatively little effort." And then His Grace told another story.

An Indian woman came to him one day to be instructed, saying that a missionary father whom she had met while marketing had directed her to the house. Upon being questioned further, she said that the priest had worn a white cassock, but had had no beard. This seemed strange to the Archbishop, as he knew of no beardless missionaries in his bishopric. However, he let it pass, and the woman was sent to the convent of the Sisters to be instructed.

Not long after she was sent back with the report that she seemed well informed indeed, and very sincere in her desire to be a Christian. It was while going through one of the rooms that she saw several pictures on the wall. Pointing to one she exclaimed, "That is the Father who sent me here." His Grace looked—and looked again. "But that cannot be. This is a picture of the Pope who lives at Rome." The woman had never heard of Pope Pius XI nor of Rome, but she insisted that that Father had been the one who sent her.

She was baptized and developed into a real disciple. The whole village where she lived soon came asking for baptism. An account of the incident was published in the Vatican papers. Later, when the Archbishop was once more in Rome and was in audience with the Holy Father, he thanked him for his "visit" to his mission. Pope Pius XI smiled and assured him that he had not left Vatican City. But he added that he prayed daily for all missions.

Monsignor Thomas also spoke a few words, emphasizing the need of Catholic Medical Missions in India, where the medical work to date has been accomplished mainly by Protestants.

Before leaving, Archbishop Mathias gave the Pope's blessing.

In vain will you build churches, preach missions, found schools; all your good works, all your efforts will be destroyed, if you cannot at the same time wield the defensive and offensive weapons of a press that is Catholic, loyal and sincere.—Pius X.

Medical Mission House
98 Thornbury Road
Osterley, Middlesex, England

Europe

Medisch Missie Huis
Cauwer Beeklaan, 54
Heerlen, Holland

Blackouts—but no shadows!

Christmas mail from England, sent usually between the 10th and 15th of December, was posted on November 26th this year—and even then it was too late to be included in the January MEDICAL MISSIONARY! Sister Bernard writes:

"A Happy Christmas and every Best Wish for the New Year! I must confess that at the moment we have not gotten the exact 'Christmas spirit,' but if the letter does not go soon, it will not reach you in time. Mail is so slow these days.

"This year the Parish Tea was held at our house and was a great success. But black-outs affect everything—because of that, the patrons had to leave at 8 o'clock instead of at 10 o'clock!"

And restrictions and returnings . . .

Another note tells us: "We are not going to have midnight Mass here. The Cardinal has forbidden it—people might lose their way in the black-out!

"Many of the French priests are home on leave of absence, and Father Siffrid, C.M., is back at St. Vincent's once more. We were all so glad to see him. His brother, however, is still in the danger zone."

Sailing, sailing . . .

More news of our English house comes from Sister Madeleine Sophie, who crossed the channel only recently to take up her duties as Mistress of Postulants in the new Holland foundation. Her letter is dated November 12:

"My companion and I arrived safely in Heerlen at 9:30 last evening. We had a very smooth journey, although the traveling time was longer than it takes in normal times. It was 11:30 on Friday that we left Osterley, and the boat sailed at 3:30 p. m. We arrived in Rotterdam at 4:30 on Saturday, made perfect train connections, and arrived here two hours earlier than we were expected!

"The house here is very nice and is quite completely furnished. We feel very much at home already, and are so happy that we shall be here for the first Mass, which will be some time this week if all works out as planned. I have not yet had time to get many impressions of the place and of the people, but there are many evidences of their kindness and generosity!

Jottings about Osterley

"Perhaps I can tell you a few things about Osterley, as I do not know how the mails are from England now. The authorities have been very kind and helpful. Butter, sugar, bacon and fats are rationed—a quarter of a pound a week allowed for each person. Coal also is rationed. I think Osterley will have about a third of the usual supply. However, the sisters will need no fire in the refectory as it is sealed for a refuge room! So that is one less! (Note: The Osterley house is heated like the majority of the English—and Continental—homes, by a stove in each room. Central heating systems are still uncommon in Europe.) Two gallons of paraffin a week are allowed—that will keep a small stove going. The gas rate has increased and living in general is much higher.

"Father Tigar is very kind and is glad to be of any help that he can. The apple crop was good and there is a substantial supply of vegetables, too, for a time at least, as the garden did very well this year. . . . We have had a few air raid signals so far, but as yet there have been no actual raids."

Our Lady of Lourdes, to whom our Holland foundation is dedicated

February is Catholic Press Month.

Maybe a fish-bone would help!

A few days later, Sister is adding her Christmas message to those of the others, and concludes:

"I like Holland very much, the people are kind, and the children are a joy to my eye! But I am as yet unable to converse with them—we just can't understand each other. I am waiting for a sore throat, so that I can pronounce properly!"

Addition!

Sister Agatha also has a few words to add to her Christmas greetings: "It was a wonderful day when Sister Madeleine Sophie and the postulant arrived. Before that we really felt a little lost with so many rooms and so few people. But now we are a growing family: three sisters and three postulants, and there are more to come.

"In the beginning we had one small table and four chairs; now we have reached the point where we can store a few spare pieces in the garage! Really, we cannot be too grateful for all that has been given us!"

One more tabernacle . . .

It is Dr. Eleanor Lippits, the superior of the new house, who tells about the first Mass in detail:

"We had our first Mass on November 27, the Feast of St. John of the Cross. The house was full, and some of us had to kneel in the corridor—so you see we are loyal to Medical Mission tradition! We had a low Mass, and everyone joined in the responses. We all received Holy Communion, and it was so wonderful to see the ciborium placed in the tabernacle afterwards! One more tabernacle in the Society!

"After Mass there was breakfast—for eighteen people!—and then the house was blessed and the Sacred Heart enthroned. By 11 o'clock it was all over, the guests had gone, and we were alone—but *God lives in our house!*

They're singing, too!

"Today is St. Nicholas Day—December 6—and we received our first present already. (Note: In Holland, gifts are given on the Feast of St. Nicholas, just as they are given in America on Christmas.) It was in the form of stained glass windows for the chapel. They are simple, but look much more solemn than ordinary glass! We received twelve large *Kyriales* and twelve Benediction books from the mission club of the seminary, and have already had our first High Mass—on December 1, the First Friday!

"Our altar is really beautiful. I promised to tell you more about its trip to our house. It was packed from Nijmegen—and went from there to Utrecht, as it was feared that the truck might be held up by the army if it were sent direct to Heerlen! But it came in safely at long last! We had lovely flowers given to us for the first Mass—lilies and carnations. And there were gifts of linens and vestments, too. So little by little we are getting settled, and going forward."

Holy Family Hospital
Murree Road
Rawalpindi, India

India

Mitford Municipal Hospital
Dacca
Bengal, India

Aftermath

Examinations in Pindi are over, at least for the present—last month, if you remember, Sister Margaret Mary gave a resume of the schedule. The "sequel" or "What followed after" is summed up by Sister M. Camillus:

"The two oldest Bengali Sisters have finished their four-year course of nursing and midwifery and have returned to Dacca. On Sister Margaret Mary's Feast Day they planned a lovely celebration as a farewell. Sisters Regina and Dolores prepared an address in English, if you please, thanking Sister Margaret Mary and all the Medical Missionaries for the training they had received at the hospital, and asking forgiveness for all their "badness," as they called

It hu-u-u-u-rts!
Sister Vincent gives a medical treatment in the hospital compound at Rawalpindi.

it! The classroom was trimmed in grand style, and in the midst of it all sat a little doll all dressed up as a Medical Missionary!

"After the 'speech' the Bengalis presented Sister Margaret Mary with a shawl and a number of things for the chapel, all of them made by themselves! It was lovely! Everything was done so properly and with such good taste.

Strictly confidential!

"We have been very, very busy—most of the work is with maternity cases. The other morning a man came in to make inquiries about rates and charges. He wanted to bring his wife in. 'You see,' he confided in a hushed voice, 'she's an antiseptic case!' "

Native Sisters complete their courses at Holy Family Hospital.
Left to right: Sister Margaret Mary, S.C.M.M., R.N.; and Sisters Regina, '38; Carmel, '39; Dolores, '38; and Immaculata, '39.

"International Review of Missions," January, 1940

Published by the International Missionary Council (Protestant)

Almost the entire contents of the January issue of the *International Review of Missions* is devoted to reports and resumes of the activities of missionaries during the year 1939. Both in China and in India, medical work has merited a distinct section of its own. In the former country, much effort has been concentrated on the care of those wounded in battle, and of refugees. "After the bombing of Chungking, in May, three mission hospitals treated one thousand civilian victims."

In 1938 a National Christian Service Council for Wounded Soldiers in Transit was founded in Hankow. The work was carried on so satisfactorily that the government invited the Council to assume complete charge of this work along eleven routes, and there are now 120 service stations, helped by missionaries of many nationalities, manned by about 500 Chinese and directed by Dr. T. C. Fan from Chungking.

The medical and surgical personnel of the territory has been augmented from an unexpected source: Many of the Jews from Germany who have sought refuge in Shanghai have registered at the China Medical Association's office and have been appointed to posts, mostly inland. More than a dozen have been assigned to mission hospitals. Two expert orthopedic mechanics have been added to the staff of St. Luke's, the American hospital for refugees in Shanghai, making possible the opening of a new orthopedic workshop.

In India, too, medical work has played an important role in mission activities. "The foundation-stone of the new hospital of the Church Missionary Society and the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society at Quetta was laid in May, four years after the earthquake which destroyed the old hospital. Fresh opportunities for medical work are beginning to open up on the northwest frontier, among the Mahsud and Waziri tribes.

"Among new medical works initiated should be mentioned the Moorshead Memorial Hospital, opened in January at Udayagiri in the Kond Hills; the new hospital of the Jungle Tribes Mission of Gujarat, opened at Dohad in January and greatly appreciated by the Bhils and others who come to it from long distances; and a new tuberculosis sanatorium, opened near Coimbatore in April, erected by the cooperation of a number of voluntary bodies and owing much to the example of the famous sanatorium at Madanapalli."

You will hear about it in Catholic circles.

Medical Mission Notes

Summaries and statistics from China

In the Vicariate of Hankow during the past year . . . a total of 8,230 in-patients and 800,740 out-patients were treated in the seven hospitals and twenty dispensaries.

Tsaochow, Shantung, is one of China's recently established but highly organized Vicariates. For the medical care of the sick there are six small hospitals totalling 160 beds and eighteen dispensaries which this year treated 117,009 patients, not counting the 4,115 who were visited in their homes.

The entire Vicariate of Kichow in Eastern Hupeh . . . was cut off from the outside world for eight months. . . . In Kichow itself over seven thousand refugees had been sheltered in the two parishes as early as September of last year. In addition to those who stayed at the mission, 24,345 refugees were assisted as they passed on their way, and over 60,000 received medical care, as did also 6,494 sick and wounded soldiers and 1,620 prisoners. . . . Another corporal work of mercy performed by the mission was burying 858 dead persons, mostly victims of the cholera epidemic last October. . . . Over 30,000 refugees received some material help from the missions as they passed by, and nearly 50,000 persons were assisted over a period of several months with rice, oil, salt, etc. Medical treatments totaled over 200,000.

The rapid development of a new mission hospital is brought out in reports from Yuanling, Hunan. Established provisionally in an old school building last spring with some thirty-five beds, the work has grown so that at present eighty-six in-patients are being cared for. Sisters of Charity from Convent Station, N. J., are in charge of the undertaking.—THE ROCK, November 1939.

* * *

Superstition and cure

Recently writing in the magazine "China," J. Frazer Smith, M.D., points out how the Chinese have been doing research work in medicine and prevention of disease for more than 4,000 years. Some of the Chinese literature on medicine and health dates back to 2,500 years before Christ. But says the doctor, "Fifty years ago when I entered Central China for the first time, seven out of every ten persons one saw were in obvious need of medical attention."

The reason why the Chinese have made so little progress in fighting and conquering disease in spite of their 4,000 years of work in medical research is because of the fundamental superstitions on which their work was based. They clung to the theory, still common today, that all diseases are the work of evil spirits and that these spirits must be driven out to effect a cure.

A weird procedure is followed to drive out the demon of sickness. At a good price an exorcist is engaged who comes to the house of the patient followed by a group of assistants with cymbals, horns and drums. At a signal, cymbals clang, drums pound, horns blow and voices shout incantations. In due time the exorcist supposedly catches the demon spirit in a covered vessel. But if in spite of this successful operation the patient dies—why there is always another handy spirit to take the blame!—THE STIGMATINE, December 1939.

* * *

From Alor Star, Malaya

A medical woman from one of the Malay States writes as follows: "My headquarters are at Alor Star, sixty miles north of Penang the center of Kedah Government and the seat of the Royal Family, for Kedah has its own Sultan, being an unfederated State. I went there first in November, 1929, and was told that my main effort should be to concentrate on Malay women and to get them interested in European medicine, persuading them to give up their beliefs in local medicine men (*Bumors*) and to try more reliable forms of treatment. . . .

"The lady medical officer (L. M. O.) is concerned with women of all nationalities. At first the work was light, the women were shy and it took some time to gain their confidence; but attendances have gone on increasing until I have now far more patients than I can deal with to my satisfaction. During 1938 I saw 15,500 out-patients in addition to in-patients for whom there are about eighty beds. There are two European Sisters and six Asiatic nurses for the female patients. There is, in addition, a Town Dispensary, some out-stations and some inspection of school girls to be done. Each year we have under training three Malay women who will go into the villages as village midwives and so replace the old handy women, and we have two trained Malay midwives attached to the hospital for district work."—THE MEDICAL WOMEN'S FEDERATION QUARTERLY REVIEW, last quarter 1939.

You will see posters, bulletin board announcements and exhibits.

In Our Library

SANCTITY IN AMERICA, *by the Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.,* 1939. 166 *pp., illustrated.* $1.00.

SANCTITY IN AMERICA contains brief sketches of saintly men and women who enriched the United States by their lives and labors, some of whom are scarcely known outside of the communities in which they spent themselves for God and souls.

In the *Introduction,* His Excellency gives the true conception of sanctity, and in the respective sketches he shows its application in the lives of the men and women of whom he writes. Since "sanctity is one of the characteristic marks of the Church" in the United States as elsewhere throughout the world, His Excellency says that "it seems timely and useful to undertake investigation for the purpose of bringing to general knowledge the names of the Servants of God whose sanctity has enriched this nation and whose fame has aroused among our people a desire for canonical processes leading to the glory of the altar." The Apostolic Delegate has published these brief sketches with this thought and desire as well as for the purpose of blazing the way, that investigations may be made into the lives of other heroic Servants of God who labored in the United States.

Words are a force which can move souls and dominate everything. What can one say of "words" so powerful in themselves, what can one say of them when they are conveyed by that organism, that dynamism of multiplication and diffusion? . . . What a tremendous responsibility is the press responsibility, since it disposes such power.—*PIUS XI.*

Pope Pius XI, of blessed memory, often repeated "that such beatifications would benefit America giving it 'powerful spiritual currents,'" and His Excellency tells us, too, that our Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius XII, expressed to him last year the desire that the American causes now before the Sacred Congregation of Rites be completed.

"May it please Divine Providence to grant that America may soon venerate in its own churches a goodly number of its own saints; and may the fervent prayers of the faithful hasten such a joyous event for the spiritual glory of this great nation!"—this is the wish to which the Apostolic Delegate gives expression in the Introduction to his book.

* * *

WILHELMINA, *by Clementia. Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., New York,* 1940. 265 *pp.* $1.50

This is a light novel written for young people. Wilhelmina and her companions have many interesting and exciting experiences in boarding school and out of it, that will delight youthful readers. The author knows girls and so can write of them interestingly. Her characters are very much alive, and while they keep parents and teachers alert, they have the same effect on the reader. There are some interesting sidelights on various historical parts of the country as the characters travel to the West on vacation.

Young people will enjoy WILHELMINA.

* * *

GREY DAWNS AND RED, *by Marie Discher. Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic. Maryknoll, N. Y.,* 1939. 102 *pp.* $1.25.

GREY DAWNS AND RED is a biography of Theophane Venard, written by a Maryknoll Sister for youthful readers. The style is thoroughly attractive. The author presents the martyr of Tonking to young Americans as a very human individual who, in boyhood days, dreamed dreams of one day dying a martyr's death for Christ.

The thrilling account of his brief missionary labors and of his courage before his executioners will fascinate our young people.

GREY DAWNS AND RED should be read by every American Catholic boy and girl—and the older members of the family will find inspiration in its pages, too.

* * *

A CALL FOR VICTIM SOULS, *by Dom Francis Xavier, O.S.B., and Sister Therese. Benziger Bros., New York,* 1939. 25 *cents (paper cover).*

This booklet is a reprint of an appeal published in *Sponsa Regis* for victim souls eager to console the Heart of their Divine Savior.

The appeal is made by Dom Francis Xavier, a missionary in Africa, and Sister Therese, who died at the Carmel of Bettendorf the day after she wrote her appeal for souls who would unite their lives to the sufferings of Christ.

To do your work thoroughly, to do it carefully, to do it patiently, is not quite enough. Put into it a touch of enthusiasm. Shape it by your personality. Add to it that sparkle, that flavor, which comes from your own interest and ardor.

But what are you going to *do* about it?

Mission Intention For February

"For the Nations Which Do Not Acknowledge Christ the Redeemer."

Let us first turn our attention to the vast continent of Asia, covering some 16,427,978 square miles, which have been the breeding ground of so many of the religions which have separated their followers from the knowledge and love of Christ. In China we find there are Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism, over all three of which looms ancestor worship. All include worship of various gods as well as the elements of nature, but the fourth changes filial respect into duty that extends to prayerful homage not only of departed parents and relatives but rulers and officials as well.

Next on our list of nations comes India, fountain-head of Hinduism which, according to one of the learned writers on the subject "contains doctrines and modes of worship from the lowest fetishism to the sublimest ideas of the Godhead." However, the religion carries with it the caste system which has created such pain and suffering among the Untouchables of that land.

In the Japanese Empire, according to Professor Chamberlain, "Shintoism (the way of the gods) is a compound of nature and ancestor worship. It has gods and goddesses of the wind, the ocean, fire, food and pestilence. The sun-goddess was the ancestress of the heaven-descended Mikados who have reigned from the beginning of the world and are themselves gods on earth." Hero worship has added many new names to the list of divinities, whose shrines are made places of pilgrimages by loyal followers of Shintoism.

Between Christian Europe and the growing Church of central and southern Africa, between western Asia and eastern Europe, stretches the Moslem's world, with some 248 million followers of the Prophet. While some of the doctrines of Mohammedanism may appear to coincide with those of Christianity, there are important differences. The Trinity is rejected; Christ is designated merely as one of the prophets who prepared the way for Mohammed. The moral law and the reward of good and punishment of evil are recognized, but future life is conceived of as one of wholly sensual pleasure or pain.

The devastation of the temple of Jerusalem which the Redeemer foretold was not any more complete than that which befell "the chosen people," who, having awaited the Messiah's advent for thousands of years, refused to accept Him when He came. Hence it is that the Jews represent a "nation which does not acknowledge Christ the Redeemer" and for whom we should pray.

Besides the above there remains the vast Russian territory wherein not only the Name of Christ, but the very thought of God is forbidden. That atheism is extending under another form into the heart of Europe, and threatens to overthrow the knowledge and love of Christ.

This summary of the major religions which have held so many nations from acknowledging Christ the Redeemer, does not include the numerous forms of devil worship, voodoo and the barbarity of the other cults which preclude so large a section of mankind from His saving doctrines. However, it brings to our minds the pressing urgency for our prayers for the intention assigned for the month of February—"For the Nations which do not acknowledge Christ the Redeemer."—*National Offi, Society for the Propagation of the Faith.*

Madras, January 8.—Polygamy was opposed and divorce condemned at a well-attended conference of the Madras Constituency of the All-India Women's Conference and the Women's Indian Association.

Prior to the unanimous adoption of the resolutions denouncing polygamy, and divorce, several speakers cited the Catholic teaching on marriage as basic to a moral and practical view of conjugal life. One leader stressed that divorce should be discouraged since, she said, it not only has failed to abolish domestic unhappiness in the West but actually has increased it.—*N. C. W. C. News Service.*

R. I. P.

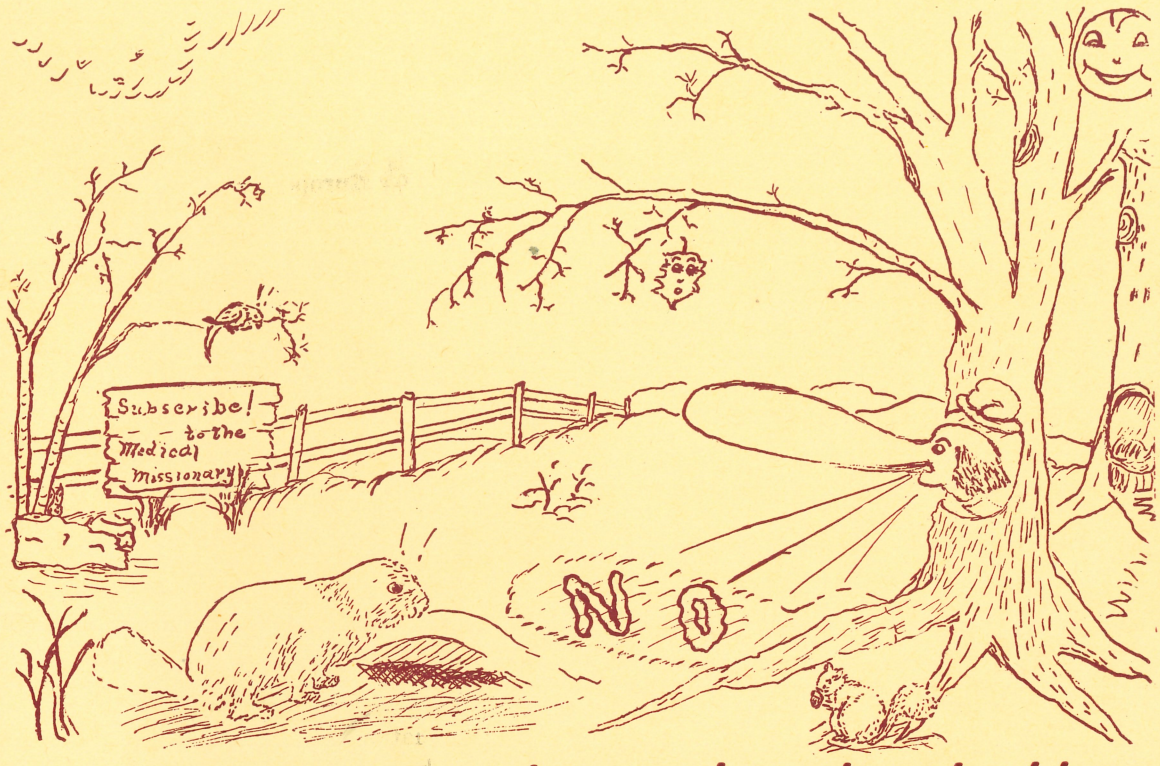
Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Right Rev. Msgr. Joseph Cunnane, Baltimore, Md.
Rev. John F. Meehan, Spring Valley, N. Y.
Rev. Joseph H. King, New Milford, Conn.
Rev. A. A. Wuskell, New Britain, Conn.
Sister M. Gertrude, Hartford, Conn.
Sister M. Philomena, Hartford, Conn.
Sister St. Ignatius, R. G. S., Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister M. Celina, Hartford, Conn.
Teresa O'Donahue, New York City
Christopher Molloy, Hartford, Conn.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord: and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.

Why not get one new subscriber for THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY?

It's the "NO'S"—



—*that makes the shadders!*

It's the shadders scares the baste!
It's the scarin's to the toe-tips
Makes him run in pit-pat haste!

Sure, there's no man likes a "yes man"—
He's a funny bird, but then
It's an omen of a quare man
When a "No's" his only word!

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